

T H E
L I F E
O F
M A N.
A N
ALLEGORICAL VISION.

B Y
GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, Esq;

IN THREE PARTS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

*Os Homini sublimi dedit, Cælumque tueri
Jussit, & erectos ad sidera tollere Vultus.*

OVID.

D U B L I N :

PRINTED BY S. POWEL, DAME-STREET.
M,DCC,LXXII.

THE LIFE

M. A. N.

ALLEGORICAL VISION

07-2635

George Edmund Howard, Esq.

IN THREE PARTS

THE SECOND EDITION

By the same Author

Quid.

PRINTED BY J. W. P. 21-22, ST. MARK'S STREET, LONDON.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

TH^{O'} the Practice of Poetry may not seem so very compatible with the Profession of Law, wherein I have been so long engaged, yet certain it is that I have derived the greatest Use and Pleasure therefrom: For after the severe Studies and Applications, not to mention my various Pursuits in Agencies and other Matters, it was always a Relief and Relaxation unto me. I have the Satisfaction to reflect that my Rules and Practice of the high Courts of Chancery, will be of the greatest Service to the Public at large, the Reasons which induced me thereto, I have already set forth, as likewise my disinterested Conduct, where I observe “ the Ignorance
“ of this matter is great, for the Thirst of Know-
“ ledge is small; I have met with no *small Porti-*
“ *on of Envy or Unkindness for my former Publi-*
“ *cations,*”

A 2

“ cations,” by which I may safely say, “ I *not only*
 “ never got a Shilling, but have lost several Thou-
 “ sands of Pounds, having from incessant Labours
 “ in this and other Collections, and the vast Variety
 “ of Business I was then engaged in, been reduced
 “ to such a State of Weakness, that to preserve my
 “ Life, I was obliged to give up, when I was *but*
 “ *about* forty-eight Years of Age, *about* sixteen
 “ Hundred Pounds a Year, I may say more in Em-
 “ ployments, Agencies, and Business in the Courts.”
 —This Loss I now sensibly feel, not only from
 the vast increased Expence of Housekeeping,
 every Body now almost living beyond their In-
 come, which occasions so many Bankruptcies
 and the Ruin of private Fortunes ; for as the
 Roman Satirist says, *Sævior armis, luxuria incubuit,*
viētricemque ubscisitur orbem.

It may, perhaps, be necessary to mention in
 this Place the Causes which induced me to pub-
 lish this Poem at present. Above a Year ago,
 I lent it to a certain Person, with whom I then
 lived

lived in Intimacy, and who was often at my House, both in Town and Country. He kept it for some Time, but as I am informed took a Copy without my Privy or Consent, and has lately declared he would Publish it, as I have Reason to think, from certain recent Transactions, interpolated and altered much to my Disadvantage. I have therefore now, by the Advice of some Friends, whose Approbation has encouraged me, resolved to offer it myself to the candid Reader.

The Poem is a Moral one, and the Hint of it I took from one of Mr. ADDISON's admired Papers in the Spectator: The Allegory is a beautiful Species of Composition, as may be seen in SPENSER, for the ingenious Reader in some Manner, partakes the Merit of the Author, by discovering the Moral artfully couched under the Allegory. The descriptive Part, which is, as it were, the very Soul of Poetry itself, I have frequently introduced, and I hope not unsuccessfully, into the Poem: The Reader will also

so find an Epitome of some of the Roman Emperors, to mark the Tyranny and Injustice of those Times.—As an Apology, I should declare that I did not design to have printed this Poem at this Time, as I know, it is not of a Nature to please the fashionable Taste of the present Class of Readers, but when I sent to the aforesaid Person, demanding the *stolen* Copy, I could receive no satisfactory Answer, which cruel Usage, I certainly did not deserve, especially from him, for to my Recommendation, is he chiefly indebted for the Favour he now enjoys at a certain Place. Therefore, to prevent any malicious Intention which that Person, or any others may have against me on this Account, I submit it, imperfect as it is, to the Indulgence of the Reader.—I flatter myself, that I shall not meet with any Censure from the Judicious and the Worthy, and as to what others may think, it shall not give me a Moment's Concern.

THE

THE
L I F E
 OF
M A N.
 A N
ALLEGORICAL VISION.

PART THE FIRST.

WHEN Ev'ning Breezes cool the fainting
 Rose,
 And fragrant Woodbine all its Sweets disclose;
 For the green Grove, my House I then forsook,
 And sought an Elm, long standing o'er a Brook,
 Whose shady Arms from Sun the Waters keep,
 And as they murmur gently lull to sleep:

Pensive

Pensive I sat along the founding Shore,
 With strange Delight to hear the Billows roar;
 Here first I plann'd the mournful tragic Scene,
 And much Applause did by ALMEYDA gain:
 The Siege of TAMER too I took in Hand,
 And THESPIS waited on my magic Wand.
 Nor spiteful Wit, shall e'er my Laurels blast,
 For high in Fame they shall for ever last.
 Here from the noisy Bar and Courts retired,
 With sacred Love of Poesy inspired;
 As CICERO to Tusculum removed,
 And there enjoyed Philosophy he loved.--
 With verdent Moss beneath a Bank was dress'd,
 The Gloom was pleasing and I sunk to rest.
 When lo! I thought a reverend Form appear'd,
 The Hand of Age had silver'd o'er his Beard:
 His Brow much wrinkled and his Look severe;
 A Robe of simple Ruffet was his Wear,
 He held a Glass, while I look'd on with Fear:

And

And with the Mirror pointing out the Way,

"Come on" he cries—I dare not disobey :

"Know I'm REFLECTION," then the Spectre said,

"Wisdom respects me but the Fool's afraid ;

"I wait on Man by Heav'n's Direction here,

"To gall the Vicious, and the Good to cheer ;

"Oft' the wild Youth, when he'll but let me near,

"Starts at himself ! and drops a virt'ous Tear.

"Those Mortals too, whose Lives to Hell consign,

"No Threats can bind them, nor no Laws confine ;

"Are sometimes known from their black Acts to

"pass,

"Struck by their Image in the conscious Glafs !

"Your Will is free—but I must let you know,

"I fly from Passion as my greatest Foe ;

"Serene and calm—I hover o'er the Breast,

"Come when I'm call'd and Council for the best.

"As thro' the Paths of this false Life you go,

"Guard well your Youth, from that attractive Show,

" And, as it dazzles your admiring Eyes,
 " Beware lest Pride, lurks in the rich Disguise."
 Thus having spoke, he beckon'd to the Right,
 And e'er I follow'd vanish'd from my Sight.
 Strange was the Forest where he led me on ;
 Two Roads before me equally unknown,
 But, where he wish'd my wand'ring Feet to go,
 The sickly Verdure scarce peep'd o'er the Snow ;
 Stern Winter seem'd the natur'd Trees to keep,
 And the small Streams thro' Ice were seen to creep :
 Grown cold I shiver'd at the piercing Blast—
 Then, to the Left's enliv'ning Climate past.
 There the fair Spring her various Shrubs display'd,
 With blooming Contrast in a laurel Shade :
 Bright crimson Blossoms deck the sprightly Green,
 The gilt Laburnam with blue Lilac's seen,
 And the fair Honeyfuckle wove between.
 On the green Carpet as I wind along,
 The wild Birds charm me with their warbling Song ;

The

The humbler Flowers exhale a mingl'd Sweet,
 And a Parterre is trodden under Feet.
 When to my View a stately Temple rears,
 Of shining Silver the vast Front appears,
 In the Corinthian Architecture bold,
 The Cornice, Columns, Ornaments were Gold:
 Such was the Dome the glitt'ring fabric shew'd,
 And the wide Door in the same Mettle glow'd.
 Built of white Marble, in a Gothic Taste,
 A distant House against the Fane is plac'd,
 ('Twas here I found the frozen Passage led,
 If I had minded what the old Man said.)
 A spacious Terras is the lengthen'd Space,
 And Crouds unnumber'd fill the busy Place:
 While Kings, and Queens, and Beggars pass along,
 The Old, the Ugly, Handsome, Rich and Young:
 Most to the glorious Edifice repair,
 And but a few did for the other Care.

O'er the Gold Steps a beaut'ous Goddess stands,
 Whose charming Smiles her love-sick Guests com-
 mands;

In scarlet Gauze the graceful Dame is dress'd,
 Her ebon Curls fall on her snowy Breast,
 While Clasps of Jewels save the falling Vest,
 Her Eyes are black tho' languishingly sweet,
 And in her Face the Rose and Lilly meet.
 The brightest Gems form'd Flowers for her Hair,
 And a rich Crown gives a majestic Air.

"Thrice welcome all" she cries, and leads us in;
 But soon I found it was the House of Sin,
 For, by the Orders of this pleasing Queen,
 Drawn in the Dome are falling Angels seen
 With chearful Looks—and by a false Devica
 The Form (the Damn'd) a second Paradise:
 The skilful Painter here his Pencil takes;
 Sports them in Groves, or dips in chrysal Lakes;

The

The Fields enamel'd charms the Gazer's Eyes,
 And Miles seem pass'd e'er the Perspective dies.
 Thick set with Pictures are the Walks around,
 Border'd with Di'monds on Cærulean Ground :
 First NERO shews, and SPORUS by his Side,
 They rip his Mother, as he thills his Bride,
 And SENECA has bled his last and died ;
 The grinning Tyrant chose the Hour of Night,
 That burning ROME, might give the Butchers
 Light.

Next HELIOGABEMUS is seen to dine
 In the NUMACHIA, fill'd with blushing Wine ;
 On the gilt Deck, the youthful Monarch stood,
 And dropt large Pearls and Amber in the Flood :
 His Whores and Parasites around him stand,
 As od'rous Gums, and Sweet-wood blaze from Land.
 The Limner then (indecent the Design)
 Presents to View a laughing MESSALINE,

Naked

Naked with SILLIUS——Bachanals invites
 Chaste Hymen on, to sing the marri'ge Rites ;
 And on a Couch the stupid CLAUDIUS lies,
 To have his Wife perform before his Eyes.
 By his Hump-Back, the cruel RICHARD'S known,
 The reeking Dagger, and the hellish Frown ;
 Crown'd with white Roses his two Nephews lies,
 One Death surpris'd—and this for Mercy cries !
 The starting Tear shews in the Murd'rer's Eye
 A short Reprieve ; altho' the Uncle's by.
 On a high Throne the eighth King HENRY sat,
 Proud was his Look, and almost choak'd by Fat ;
 Below, his servile Senate you behold,
 And as he nods new Laws must be enroll'd.—
 The PAPHIAN Queen, her Troops of Beauties
 lead,
 While a rich Bed waits for the fav'rite Maid ;
 Then here you see the Block with Sable spread,
 And the Ax rais'd for her devoted Head.

A chosen

A chosen Piece! to match the one before,
 On a white Steed, sat the Imperial Whore
 SEMIRIMAS——her Soldiers on a Lawn,
 March (as to War) to shew their manly Brawn;
 Her furious Look the Son of MARS alarms,
 For his last Night, is that pass'd in her Arms.
 CROMWELL, and BRUTUS, next in Robes appear;
 They mean to Smile, but it is more a Sneer;
 A ragg'd Mob, around the Heros shewn
 Each holds a Crown, yet, dare not put it on:
 Their Armour shines beneath their ermin'd Gowns,
 And prudent Guards, keep off the pressing Clowns.
 All Ranks! all Ages! call'd the Painter forth,
 The Eastern King, and Peasant of the North;
 Here royal Purple oft' the Canvas dy'd,
 And the New-World, her feather'd Chiefs sup-
 ply'd.

Pretend'd Sages at fair Harlots gaze,
 While lucious Poets hold their shameful Bays.

My

My Eyes thus feaft'd—penfively I ftand,
 When the bright Goddeſs gentle caught my Hand;
 “ And why ſo dull ? alas you ſeem to think!—
 “ This ruby Goblet I have brought with Drink,
 “ Haſte then to chear you with the roſy Bowl,
 “ And we'll have Muſic that ſhall charm the Soul.”
 Firſt ! Harpſichords and ſilver Dulcimers
 Join the ſweet Flute, and ſtrike my wond'ring
 Ears !

The Clarions next, with Drums and Trumpets riſe,
 And the grand Concert rais'd me to the Skies.
 “ Ah ! you'll not drink the grieving Beauty ſaid,
 “ All thoſe have quaff'd, and you remain afraid”—
 She ſinks in Tears—while there was heard to come,
 Soft melting Muſic from the rattling Drum,
 Such as the Lute, when mournful Virgins ſing
 Their own ſad Woes ! and touch the tremb'ling
 String.

I take

I take the Bowl tho' not without my Fears ;

'Twas at my Lips---when my old Friend appears,

" Forbear to taste of that empoison'd Spell,

" Or, when you call me next 'twill be in Hell."

His Words scarce past---as I return the Prize,

'The Goddess turns a Monster to my Eyes ;

A Size Gigantic the dread Woman gain'd !

And her brown Skin with filthy Ulcers stain'd :

Smarting with Pain, from her foul Side she drew

A Whip of Snakes, to scourge the guilty Crew.

Then speaks----" Prepare you sensual Slaves to

" know,

" The tort'ring Pangs that wait you ev'n below ;

" Heav'n you despised, and Heav'n its Justice sheds,

" In Show'rs of Curses on your senseless Heads ;

" Glutted by Pleasure, Pains shall close pursue,

" I'll give the Beast of Reason what's his Due.

" The more I wound, in fawning Crouds then seen

" You'll court the more, your tyrannizing Queen.

" I'll too give Guides to lead you on the Road,
 " To the warm Baths that grace my own Abode ;
 " Plung'd in the Sulphur—I will meet you there,
 " And call for Justice, as fierce Devils tear :
 " Or thro' the Cave, they hurl their glowing Spears,
 " Feast on your Groans ; and never-ceasing Tears."
 She said and lash'd—their dismal Cries are heard,
 Some swell'd with Dropsies, and some lame appear'd ;
 Down the wide Plains the stupid Troops are led,
 Nor seem to think of what the Fury said.
 But yet a few behind the rest remain,
 Link'd close together by a brazen Chain ;
 She holds them straight—the Wretches want to go,
 Whilst their green Wounds bleed fresh at ev'ry
 Blow :
 They call REFLECTION, and with Anguish roar ;
 And as they call, the Tyrant whips them more :
 At last, he helps them from their Bands to burst,
 And we all walk to where he pointed first.

PART

PART THE SECOND.

“ **W**ELCOME from Vice,” the Goddess Vir-
 tue cries ;

“ My sober Charms admit of no Disguise ;

“ Tho’ Pow’r Eternal ! Orders I’m obey’d,

“ Yet, the last Homage in my Temple’s paid ;

“ My Precepts chose, no Passions can controul,

“ I Guard the Body, while I steel the Soul,

“ To Heav’n’s high Mansions all my Sons I lead,

“ And FAME embalms the Memories of my Dead !”

She then went in—we follow with Respect,

Asham’d, and sorry, for the past Neglect.

The Gothic Hall rich Granate lin’d with red,

And Snow-white Sculptures on the Walls are
 spread :

Kings, Heros, Bards, and Priests the Marble grac’d,

The Ancients—Moderns—ev’ry Station plac’d

Their parian Busts-----The Nicks round us shews,
 And a white Altar in the Center rose :
 PHILOSOPHY, as Priestess takes her Place,
 And gives her Hands to CHASTITY and PEACE ;
 In Censer set, the hallow'd Embers burn,
 And Linen vests the youthful Maid's Adorn.
 The Sculptor here (his Mistress sure to please)
 High in the Clouds a Prodigy displays :
 As ROMAN Soldiers march with CONSTANTINE,
 A Cross inscrib'd " YOU CONQUER IN THIS SIGN"
 The warlike Bands are gazing at the Sky,
 And through the Air the fright'd Eagles fly,
 A Monument unfinish'd next is seen,
 I ask the Reason of the Virgin Queen.
 " 'Tis for the King that o'er these Islands reign,
 " Potent by Land, and Sov'reign of the Main !
 " The handsome Monarch's by my Friends carest,
 " I gave his Queen, and I've their Children blest ;
 " When Age (tho' slow) comes on, for on it must !
 " And the royal Body moulder into Dust ;

" When

" When his bright Soul to the Empyræum flies, "

" And wears a Crown immortal in the Skies ; "

" Then, lasting Marble gives the just Reward, "

" And the fair Pillar's grac'd by GEORGE THE

" THIRD."

" There DRYDEN fits—the Sculpture boldly done,

" He still holds Bay, and smiles in parian Stone ;

" Conscience alarm'd ! the reverend Bard threw

" down

" His courtly Pension, and the laurel Crown ;

" See ! at my Feet his former Trophies spread, "

" I hand on DORSET, as he wanted Bread ! "

" At last to me he nobly over-pays "

" For the strange Conduct of his younger Days. "

" At t'other Side the virt'ous POPE appears "

" His placid Look declares his well-spent Years. "

" Friend to Mankind, whose charming Lays re-

" hearse,

" The best of Morals in the softest Verse :

" In

" In his own Grot, the tuneful Poet lies,
 " And Angels bear his ECLOGUE to the Skies.
 " Behold stern SWIFT—let Genius drop a Tear!
 " Not his keen Wit, but Charities plac'd here;
 " HIBERNIA weeping near him takes her Seat,
 " And points a House, the Idiot's safe Retreat."
 Sudden we hear the Organ's solemn Sound,
 The incense Flames and holy Hymns resound!
 Now o'er the Altar floats a radiant Cloud,
 And the Queen speaks amidst the kneeling Croud:
 " O sacred Mother! O RELIGION hear!
 " From this pure Shrine receive my warmest Pray'r.
 " You, first and fairest Daughter of the Light,
 " Sent from the Heav'ns when the primæval Night
 " Had ceased----when all the fair blooming Shows
 " Of Flowers, of Fruits, of Fields, of Forests rose
 " In Paradise---you waited on the Soul,
 " When Breath cælestial bade the Blood to roll;
 " And, as the Mass of animated Earth
 " Rises astonish'd at his wond'rous Birth!

" At

" At Birds ! at Beasts ! at what he sees and hears !

" You wait his Free-will and collect his Prayers,

" Rejoic'd the grateful, native Off'rings bring, O "

" Soaring through Æther to the awful King. "

" Then, guide this penitential Troop along "

" The dang'rous Vales—and from the Vicious

" throng :

" There resign them to your saving Hands,

" And warn to follow strictly your Commands."

" My lovely Daughter" her sweet Voice reply'd,

" I'll yield them Help (altho' my Form I hide)

" A safe Direction if they will believe,

" The Truth I teach—that Heav'n cannot deceive;

" Renounce their Reason when the Laws Divine,

" Calls on the blund'ring Mortals to resign;

" Nor puff'd by Pride, with human Wit defy—

" And set a Worm against the Deity !

" Wretches forbear your mighty Sense to boast,

" View the CREATION----it will all be lost :

" Say

" Say what large Basin does the Floods contain,
 " When the Tide sweeps them off the sandy Plain ;
 " Or, why the Moon adds to their wat'ry Store,
 " Driving the Billows fiercer to the Shore ?
 " What keeps the Ball from tumbling thro' the Air,
 " Or guides the Courses of the wand'ring Star ?
 " Whence the blue Arch with all its rolling Fires ?
 " Or what is Man that over all aspires !
 " Still mounting up, he seeks the blest Abode ;
 " And still explores till at the Hand of God,
 " Who first made Matter, and what gave it Pow'r,
 " Then finds it there—and can no longer tow'r :
 " At last must rest ; Immensity has stay'd,
 " And own the Maker of the World unmade ;
 " Who knows no Ending, and who ne'er began,
 " And from the Skies falls down the daring Man !
 " Myfterious all ! nor wonder thus I'm giv'n
 " Trust to the Wisdom of the King of Heav'n
 " You err----He can't ; my myftic Rites adore,
 " And pay Obedience where you'd Doubts before.

" The

" The harmless Vision may amuse you here,
 " As the four Seasons wheel along the Year ;
 " The wint'ry Signs may call you to the Grove,
 " There aim the Gun—or with fleet Grey-Hounds

" rove ;

" And when the Plow tears up the fruitful Ground,
 " With sweet-tongu'd Beagles, on your Courser
 " bound.

" More gentle yet—as moist AQUARIUS glows,
 " Plant the young Tree—or prune the leafless Rose ;
 " From well-made Walk, the promis'd Scene ad-
 " mire ;

" Then seek the Shelter of the social Fire,
 " The wholesome Treat, and smiling Wife to see,
 " As the lov'd Children climb the well-known
 " Knee.

" When Gardens Nature's richest Liv'ries wear,
 " And blooming Flow'rets scent the vernal Air ;
 " And, when the Steel of busy Reapers shine,
 " And Gold and Purple loads the vending Vine,

D

" With

“ With Nets and Pointers, then the Stubbles try ;
 “ Or cast on chrystal Streams the artful Fly :
 “ But ah ! in all, beware of Cruelty. }

“ Ennobl'd too, you may become your Sphere,
 “ Yet as you rise, the Danger comes the near ;
 “ All guilty Pleasures here, for Baits are giv'n,
 “ Which if you conquer——thus you conquer
 “ Heav'n :

“ Resistance is the only Test to prove
 “ The Depth, or Shallow, of Almighty Love ;
 “ And this short Life but schools us for Above. }
 “ Think not I leave you when Distress comes on,
 “ 'Tis at that Time I know my dut'ous Son ;
 “ Often I pray more poignant Grievs to gain,
 “ And wish my Children transitory Pain ;
 “ Their scalding Tears I seem to disregard,
 “ And to the last, defer my blest Reward ;
 “ Prov'd by AFFLICTION—wrapt in filial Love ;
 “ I fly with Comfort from the Realms above :

“ Into

" Into their Souls my cleansing Fire I dart,
 " Smile as they sigh, and heal them as they smart."
 And now o'er Wilds a beaten Road we take,
 As the vile Tribe doth the same Journey make.
 When from a Hill, we see (that crost the Plain)
 Pale Green and Azure streak the silver Main;
 The long-hair'd NEIRIDS in the Waters stand,
 Rolling the Waves on the decreasing Sand.
 A Ship now rides upon the glitt'ning Tide,
 We all go in, and spread the Canvas wide;
 The whisp'ring Breezes through the Cordage play,
 While SYRENS sing, we smoothly skim the Sea.
 O'ercome by Mirth, the thoughtless festive Croud,
 Despise the Threat'nings of a gath'ring Cloud,
 'Till Billows whiten by the sounding Gales,
 And fiery Lightning strikes the bursting Sails;
 Loud rattling Thunders thro' the Vault rebound,
 Sea Monsters roar, and Tempests bluster round:
 Nor fears the Crew the Dangers of the Deep
 Immers'd in Wine, they imprecate and sleep.

While we are calm by what we heard so late,
 Pray'r warms our Hearts—we wait approaching
 Fate.

Now Rain, in Torrents from the troubl'd Skies
 Pours on the Deck—the Storm grows weak and
 dies.

Again, bright Cærule thro' the Concaves plac'd,
 And Peace once more has hush'd the wat'ry Waste.
 On the near Rocks the Goats are seen to climb,
 Bounding o'er Chasms to crop the flow'ry Thyme;
 The Choughs in swarms from their high Nests de-
 scend,

And with their Cries, the shaggy Caverns rend,

PART THE THIRD.

THEN landing—up the pointed Clifts we
wind,

And from the Top the noblest Prospect find :

Here the Horizon only bounds the Eyes,

As distant Towns and lofty Spires arise ;

On the Green swells the rich Pavillians flood,

And Groves of Pine hang o'er the silver Flood ;

Next lofty Woods their vary'd Shades display,

With ancient Tow'rs and Buildings in decay ;

The rip'ning Harvest gilds the waving Grain,

And Sheep contrast the Verdure of the Plain ;

Down the rude Steeps the foaming Waters run,

And in clear Lakes reflects a burning Sun,

Around are Oaks and Beech whose mingl'd Shoots,

Shelter the Deer stretch'd sleeping at their Roots ;

The

The fearful Fish dart from the glassy Brink,
 As milk-white Bulls, and motly Heifers drink.
 Then Palaces enrich'd with Collonades,
 Rises on Lawns inclos'd by orange Shades,
 Some yellow Fruit, and some their Blossoms shew'd,
 As Myrtles bloom'd, and red Arbutus glow'd :
 High Obelesks and cooling Fountains stood,
 With Statues; in the Opens of the Wood.
 Villas are seen with less Expence to please,
 Whose Groves wave on, and Rivers flow with Ease;
 Here, the close Wood round grassy Hills appear,
 Those rise with Clumps, and there the Rocks are
 bare ;
 While scatter'd Trees (tho' few) in Pasture spreads
 The unlopt Branches of their bushy Heads ;
 Thickets have Place to cheat the wand'ring Eye,
 Lest Satiety disgusts the Passer-by :
 As from the Vales the winding Path-way creeps,
 By Stealth it mounts us to the giddy Steeps.

From

From those proud Scenes the rural Glin recalls,
 Cots cover'd by Reeds, with Ivy on the Walls;
 In purpl'd Heath the humble Ground is spread,
 And gentle Rills glide down their mossy Bed;
 Hazle, Hawthorn Alder, in the Scrubs unite
 With the Wild-rose, the Country Maid's Delight.
 The Sons of Vice now up the Hill ascends,
 While on each Groupe a diff'rent Form attends:
 First LUXURY and PRIDE their Parties led;
 Then DRUNKENNESS with Flagon on her Head,
 LUST her old Friend pursues with florid Face;
 And PASSION frothing at the Mouth keeps Pace.
 Behind, pale ENVY looks and drops a Tear,
 As AV'RICE hugs his Gold and quakes for Fear.

" For us (they cry) this charming Scene's prepar'd,

" We'll journey on and seize our just Reward:

" In the Alcove, or even the wild Retreat,

" Pleasure shall yield a true-angelic State.

" Let's to that Grot where sparkling Chrystals shine,

" With shapeless Masses of the sparry Mine;

" The

" The colour'd Shells in polish'd Clusters fall,
 " And uncouth Archs mark the glitt'ring Wall;
 " Panting with Heat in the Recess we'll lie,
 " As blushing Beauties charm the curious Eye.
 " Say virtuous Fools why you'll from Joys forbear?
 " They're meant to feast us or they'd not be here.
 " In fulsome Fasts then lose your rosy Bloom,
 " Tremble at the Priest, and pore upon the Tomb."

Thus spoke the Tribe, when hazy Mists arise,
 Blots the gay View, and smokes along the Skies;
 With giant Strides the noisome Fog invades,
 And wraps them wond'ring! in its dusky Shades.
 Now o'er our Heads the rising Mountains close,
 Thro' the cold Cave a hollow Murmur blows,
 And Gleams of Light from sulphur'd Flames arose: }
 Close to the Pit, a grisly Phantom stood,
 His Eyes flash'd Fire, and Hands were stain'd with
 Blood:

O'er his bare Ribs a fable Pall is spread,
 He grasps a Dart, to strike the Victims dead.

" On

" On yonder Rock of Adamant (he cries)
 " As the Glas runs some tortur'd Mortal dies ;
 " Each sandy Atom does a Life command,
 " And all are subject to my princely Hand !"
 Approaching then, his polish'd Weapon shook,
 And look'd if any ripen'd for the Stroke.
 Confus'd ! amaz'd ! their guilty Heads they hung,
 While uselefs Pray'r come fault'ring from the
 Tongue :

" Spare——spare us Monarch——not a Friend we've
 " here,
 " You've seen with Scoffs the Wretches disappear :
 " Oh come not on !---the wish'd-for Distance keep,
 " Or veil the Horrors of yond flaming Deep.
 " Deaf to your Woes my callous'd Form you'll find,
 " Your Tears are Water, and your Sighs are
 " Wind ;
 " When Fate allots, no earthly Pow'r can save,
 " Even for a Moment from the yawning Grave.

E

" Were

" Were it not so what Bribes you'd hear me own,
 " From Parents weeping for an only Son ;
 " Praying I'd strike their sobbing Breasts they've
 " flood,

" And spurn'd at Life, to save the op'ning Bud.
 " Beauties would yield me at my dire Alarms,
 " Their fav'rite Conquests, and their haughty
 " Charms ;

" Poor, Old, and Ugly, they're content to live,
 " If to their Span some paultry Years I'd give.
 " The Wealth of INDIA, I could make my Boast,
 " And Kings are Rivals who wou'd give me most."

Raising his Arm, he cries, " the Time is come,
 " Thus snaps the Thread of Life's precarious
 " Loom."

" O pity ! Mercy ! your poor Suppliants Craves,
 " One Hour---one Minute grant your humble
 " Slaves ?"

He calls aloud---when there was seen to pass,
 A Set of Furies to the fatal Glafs ;

From

From each Disease a hated Name they take,
 And when he nod, the Hags began to shake :
 Without Remorse, he deals the Wounds around,
 And for each Grain, a Carcase strews the Ground :
 While from the Furnace piercing Groans ascends,
 And rattling Chains the dismal Noise attends,
 Then turning to us " I will have you know
 " Not even the Good, can 'scape my certain
 " Blow"----

His Words just past ; a glorious Blaze of Light
 Shews our Protectress clad in Robes of White,
 The baneful Drops hung shining on the Stones,
 And Heaps of Dead, with Sculls, and mould'ring
 Bones ;

A Wreath of Olive binds the Matron's Head ;
 And from her Robes Divine Perfumes are shed :
 Bright Guards of Angels to the Cave she brings,
 And as she speaks ; they clap their silver'd Wings.

" Tyrant

" Tyrant forbear—from Heav'n's high Throne I

" bring

" Superior Pow'r to blunt the threat'ning Sting—

" True you may wound—yet, Life's false Path

" you've strew'd,

" With healing Bitter for RELIGION's Good;

" By Death untimely at the First you've vexed,

" But it has taught their Turn might come the

" next.

" The gilded Dangers of the World they miss

" By you—subservient to their greater Bliss.

" In those fond Arms I'll hold the freezing Clay,

" As the fair Cherubs bear the Soul away,

" The Spark celestial quickly seeks the Bless'd,

" And dwells for ever in the Realms of Rest."

Staring at me, he points the bloody Dart;

When from the Terror of the Dream, I start!

F I N I S.

